A TRIBUTE to LIBERTY.

OR,

NEW COLLECTION,

OF

PATRIOTIC SONGS;

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE MOST SELECT SONGS,

Which have lately appeared in Public;

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES;

together with

A Collection of Toasts and Sentiments,

SACRED TO

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Renown'd Britannia——————————
When Wealth *enormous* fers th' oppressor high,
When *Bribes* thy ductile Senators command,
And Slaves in office FREEMEN's RIGHTS withstand,
Then Mourn for *then* thy fate approacheth nigh.

SCOT.

LONDON.
M DCC XCIII.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

TO THE PUBLIC,

ALIAS

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE."

O YE factions, ſeditious and diſcontented crew will you never believe that you are *happy*, when no more than a *bare belief* is requiſite to make you ſo?--Infatuated mortals! are your determined, like Lovegold, to "*feel, feel, feel,* and *touch, touch, touch,*" before you will allow your happineſs to be real? Dreadful obſtinacy! how unacquainted are you with the wonder-working powers of *imagination*!—Can you not believe that your hunger, and thirſt, are gratified, unleſs you *eat* and *drink?* Can you not believe that you are cloathed and warm, unleſs your are *covered* from the inclemency of the ſeaſon?—O, what political unbelief is this!—To what then muſt your wiſe legiſlators have recourſe? they have bawled to you till their lungs are jaded; they have written to you till words are exauſted, and ye ſtill obſtinately continue to be *unhappy*, What! will you not believe the King himſelf, and all the Royal Family! nor believe the Prime-Miniſter, the *Privy*-Couucil, and all the Biſhops! the Judges, Councillors, and Lawyers! the Borough mongers,

the Placemen and all the Penſioners! the Dukes, the Earls, the Marquiſſes, the Barons, the Knights; the Lords in Waiting---of the Bedchamber---of the Stole---and, of the Golden Stick! the Commanders by Sea and Land; the Commiſſioners and Officers of all the great HOUSES! the Magiſtrates and Juſtices, the Lord Mayor of London, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Jordan! the Duke of Brunſwick, the Duke of Richmond, and all the Veſtrymen and Pariſh Officers!!——Deluded multitude! here is a collection of the *happieſt* creatures in the world, united together to perſuade you that you are extremely *happy*, and yet you give no credit to what they may either *ſay* or *ſwear*! O ſhocking ſtupidity! they will then cure you of your Malady by a different proceſs; the tower ſhall be furniſhed with ſolid argument, a Military Syſtem of Animal Magnetiſm ſhall be adopted --you ſhall be thrown into a *Criſis*, and kept there till you confeſs you are exceedingly *happy!*—Think, beſotted creatures! how much money is now expending to perſuade you that you are happy! on *Fortifications*, on *Proclamations*, on *Newſpapers*, at *Taverns* and *Committees*, as much as would liberate all the Inſolvent Debtors in the four counties! Think, think, I ſay, and be perſuaded you *are happy*, for you muſt pay all the Reckoning!

Again,

Again, how will you be able to reſiſt the irrefutable logic of *Muſquetry* and *Artillery?* or, how will you be able to deny you are HAPPY, when the *ſword* is pointed to your breaſt? re collect how ſucceſsfully Mahomet argued this way; and believe you are happy in *this* world, leſt they ſilence your murmurs by ſending you into the *other*, to ſearch for hapineſs! But. alas! you are a banditti of incorrigible Heretics; I know you will not *believe* you are *happy*, although the Holieſt Man of Canterbury were to declare it to you on his marrow-bones!

But let me, for a few moments, direct your attention to the great ſource of all your happineſs; to the moſt *glorious* and *happy Conſtitution*; Take a view of each well conſtructed ſyſtem in each department of government: and you may be aſtoniſhed at the ſcene thrown open before you! the whole is a Paradiſe of Delights!

Look into the STATE!——, Tis true it has its *corruptions* and *defects*, as *poor Edmund* ſays, and you muſt peep at them with *due caution*——But, ſee you *Liberties* defended, your property protected; by men of the moſt *unſullied virtue*. The great Treaſury of the Nation, with is accumulated from YOUR *hard labour* and induſtry, is entruſted to *Integrity* itſelf; and diſtributed with the moſt *ſcrupulous exactneſs*, on the pure prin-

ciples of the RIGHTS OF MAN. The moſt favourite *Penſioner* cannot finger a guinea till he has *earnt it;* nor has the moſt exalted man in office a *ſhilling more* then his *merit* entitles him to. What is £ 4000 per annum to one *great man,* for introducing another great man to kiſs a THIRD Great Man's Hand?—'tis cheap as dirt! Nay, it is worth half the money to ſee them at work!—in In time of war you pay double taxes and is it not neceſſary the expences of war ſhould be defrayed?—in time of peace you alſo pay double taxes, to *defray the expences of peace.* Ye ſenſeleſs ideots! theſe and ſuch like things, *conſtitute* the chief *glory* of the STATE!!

Look again into the law; the ſcene ſtill brightens before you!—ENGLISHMEN! you have the *cheapeſt market for Juſtice* in the whole univerſe. how happily adjuſted are the laws between *debtor* and *creditor!* no uneceſſary *delay* attends the action; no *anxiety* of mind between the contending parties; no *neglect* of buſineſs; no *extravagant* expences; O what a glorious purchace of *parchment* and *ſtamps* do you make here! with what *compoſure* do you look forward from *term* to *term!* In the hands of *mercy* and *juſtice,* what can your fear! nothing in the final deciſion of the court to ruffle your ſpirits, or break the repoſe of your family! like fat oyſters ye are *gently*

open-

opened and ſeparated, that the *happy ſtuff* which lies between, may be applied to enrich the glorious *Conſtitution*

And now take a view of the Church! and ſee the angelical life of the holy Prieſthood; here is Paradiſe regained!—by divine Permiſſion; here is Heaven itſelf let down upon earth! an aſſemblage of all the *graces* and *virtues* which dignify and adorn human nature—how equally proportioned is the hire to the labourer! no lazy Biſhops, no ſinecure places, no diſſipated Prieſts, no *ſtarving Curates*—O no! no —Juſtice, temperance, truth and brotherly love, animate and prevade the whole: here is a *ſcourge* for the wickedneſs of men in high life, and *conſolation* for the miſeries of the poor---here is religion taught by the *beſt maſters* with able aſſiſtants, on the moſt *reaſonable terms*! a little entrance money only is required; marrying, chriſtening, confirming, viſiting, and burying, almoſt for an old ſong; and tythes exactly according to circumſtances! ---Thrice *happy* and *glorious Conſtitution*!!! we are lost in the contemplation of thy *manifold* bleſſings.

Hear then, ye "SWINISH MULTITUDE!" the Stateſmen at Whitehall, the Judges on the Bench, all the Pariſh Officers in the Nation, their Dependents and Expectants proclaim aloud that ye are HAPPY! And who ſo competent to judge of

of your *happineſs*? Beware of that fatal error of judging for yourſelves. What! think for yourſelves!-O let me intreat, nay, let me inſiſt upon it, that you never think of *thinking for yourſelves*; for the more you *think*, the more you will differ from theſe *wiſe and happy* men in your way of thinking: think alſo how many *mild happy and glorious Conſtitutions* have been ruined by men *thinking for themſelves!* Let your betters, therefore think for you; becauſe it ſtands to reaſon they muſt think *beſt*; and if the phantom ſhould again ſeize your brain; and tempt you to conceive you are not *happy*, you muſt petition the *happy Conſtitution* to furniſh you with ſome *patent engines, pullies* and *ſcrews*, whereby you may at any time wind up your imagination to their pitch, dance to their muſic, and be as happy as themſelves.

Crede quod habes, et habes,

ſaid Eraſmus; with this word of advice I take my leave; without flattering you, courting your patronage, or ſaying a ſingle word about the merit of the Songs.

R. THOMPSON.

A TRIBUTE, &c.

A NEW SONG,

To an old Tune, —viz. "*God ſave the king.*"

GOD ſave —"THE RIGHTS OF MAN!
Give him a heart to ſcan
Bleſſings ſo dear!
Let them be ſpread around,
Wherever Man is found,
And with the welcome ſound
Raviſh his ear!

See, from the univerſe
Darkneſs and clouds diſperſe;
Mankind awake!
Reaſon and Truth appear,
Freedom advances near,
Monarchs with terror hear—
See how they quake!

Sore have we felt the ſtroke;
Long have we bore the yoke;
Sluggiſh and tame;

But now the Lion Roars,
And a loud note he pours;
Spreading to distant ſhores,
LIBERTY's flame!

Let us with FRANCE agree,
And bid the world BE FREE,—
Leading the way.
Let tyrants all conſpire,
Fearleſs of ſword and fire,
FREEDOM ſhall ne'er retire,
FREEDOM ſhall ſway.

Godlike, and great the ſtrife,
Life will indeed be life,
When we prevail:
Death in ſo juſt a cauſe,
Crowns us with loud applauſe,
And from tyrannic laws,
Bids us—ALL HAIL!

O'er the Germanic pow'rs,
Big indignation low'rs,
Ready to fall! *
Let the rude ſavage hoſt,
In their long numbers boaſt,
FREEDOM's allmighty truſt,
Laughs at them all.

* This ſong was compoſed before the Duke of Brunſwick *ran away*.

FAME! *Let thy Trumpet Sound,*
Tell all the World around,
Tell each degree:
Tell Ribbands, Crowns and Stars,
Kings, Traitors, Troops and Wars,
Plans, Councils, Plots and Jars,
FRENCHMEN are FREE.

God ſave—"THE RIGHTS OF MAN!"
Give him a heart to ſcan
Bleſſings ſo dear!
Let them be ſpread around,
Wherever Man is found,
And with the welcome ſound,
Raviſh his ear.

SONG.

BURKE's ADDRESS, TO THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE.

Tune "*Derry down, down,*" &c.

YE vile SWINISH herd, in the sty of taxation,
What would you be after——disturbing the nation,
Give over your grunting—be off—to your sty!
Nor dare to look out, if a king paſſes by:
Get ye down! down!—down! keep ye down.

Do you know what a king is? By *Patrick*, I'll tell you;
He has power in his pocket, to buy you and ſell you;
To make you all ſoldiers, or keep you at work;
To hang you, and cure you for ham or ſalt pork!
Get you down! &c.

Do you think that a KING is no more than a man?
Ye brutiſh, ye ſwiniſh, irrational clan?
I ſwear by his office, his right is divine,
To flog you, and feed you, and treat you like ſwine!
Get ye down! &c.

To be ſure, I have ſaid—but I ſpoke it abrupt——
That "the ſtate is *defective*, and alſo *corrupt;*
Yet remember I told you with caution to peep,
For *ſwine* at a diſtance we prudently keep——
Get ye down! &c.

Now the *church* and the *ſtate* to keep each other warm,
Are *married* together. And where is the harm?
How healthy and wealthy are huſband and wife!
But *ſwine* are excluded the congugal life——
Get ye down! &c.

The *ſtate*, it is true, has grown fat upon SWINE,
And *church's* weak ſtomach on TYTH-PIG can dine;
But neither, you know, as they *roaſt* at the fire,
Have a right to find fault with the *cooks*, or enquire.
Get ye down! &c.

"What uſe do we make of your money?"—you ſay;
Why, the firſt law of Nature:—*We take our own pay*—
And next on our friends a few *penſions* beſtow—
And to you we apply when our *treaſure* runs low.
Get ye down! &c.

Conſider our *boroughs*, ye grumbling SWINE!
At corruption and taxes, they never repine:
If we only *proclaim* "YE ARE HAPPY!"—They ſay,
"*We* ARE *happy!*"—Believe, and be *happy* as they!
Get ye down! &c.

What know ye of COMMONS, of KINGS, or of LORDS,
But what the dim *light* of TAXATION affords?
Be contented with that—and no more of your rout;
Or a new *proclamation* ſhall muzzle your ſnout!
Get ye down! &c.

And now for the *SUN*—or the *LIGHT* OF THE DAY;
"IT doth not belong to a PITT," you will ſay——
I tell you be ſilent, and huſh all your jars;
Or he'll charge you *farthing* a-piece for the ſtars.
Get ye down! &c.

Here's MYSELF, and *his darkneſs* and *Harry Dund-aſs;*
Scotch, *Engliſh*, and *Iriſh*, with fronts made of braſs—
A cord plaited three-fold will ſtand a good pull,
Againſt SAWNEY and PATRICK, and old *Johnny Bull!!!*
Get ye down! &c.

To conclude, then no more about MAN and his RIGHTS
TOM PAINE, and a rabble of *Liberty lights*;
That you are but our "SWINE," if ye ever forget,
We'll throw you alive to the HORRIBLE PIT!
Get ye down!—down! down! keep ye down!

SONG.

[PART SECOND.]

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE's" REPLY

TO

BURKE's ADDRESS

APOSTATE! give over your eloquence, pray!
No more on the ſubject of Monarchy ſay:
Exalted in office, and fed by the Swine—
If we ſhould deſert you, you'll catch a decline.
Tumble down! down! down—come ye down!

But we cannot well brook to be called the ſwine,
Let *man have his rights*, and the *epithet's* thine;
Apoſtate thou art,—and allur'd by the *hire*,
Return'd like the *ſow* that was waſh'd—*to the mire*.
Tumble down! &c.

Our thanks we return—you may think it a joke,
For the bleſſed enquiry your writings provoke;
We thank you for thwarting your own bad deſign;
The bacon and pork are reſtor'd to the ſwine.
Tumble down! &c.

No longer like aſſes we tamely ſubmit,
And tremble like fiends at the mouth of a *Pit*:—
You are but our ſervants, our delegate *powers*,
If we ſpeak but the word, you muſt fade and like flow'rs
Tumble down!—&c.

Too long, it is true, we reſembled the ſwine,
And ſtood in the market all paſſive as kine,
But no longer the grunting of ſwine ſhall ye hear,
The voice of the *Lion* now pierces your ear.
Tumble down! &c.

Apoſtate beware! and with caution advance,
The ground you are treading is fertile as France;
If you once overheat and inflame the *Old Bull*,
He'll toſs the rich dogs from their ſoft *packs of wool*.
Tumble down! &c.

No longer, *oppreſſor*, inſult the oppreſt;
Our greviances *may* and they *ſhall* be redreſt;
In the fable your picture—behold in that glaſs—
"The LION was rous'd by the heel of an aſs!"
Tumble down! &c.

If the *beſt* Conſtitution that ever was known;
And the beſt of all monarchs is now on the throne;
If his peers and his ſtateſmen, and laws, are the beſt,
They can be no worſe—to *be* brought to the *teſt*.
Tumble down! &c.

No longer, thou *ſophiſt*, attempt to deceive,
To plunder, and blind us, and laugh in your ſleeve;
Apoſtate, thy payment, for *pimping*—depends
On thoſe you're inſulting—and with them it ends.
Tumble down! &c.

The faults of the people you freely make known,
Whilſt a mantle of charity covers the throne;
But in France 'tis a doctrine the people know well,
That kings are as apt as the mob, to rebel—
And come down! &c.

Proclamations we dread not—but rather deſire,
They ſay to the ſleepers—"Ariſe and Enquire!"
For the good of the nation no more do we ſeek.
Than a *new proclamation* at leaſt once a-week.
Tumble down! &c.

The pow'r of enquiry no deſpot can blind,
For millions already have fredom of mind;
Let *Reaſon* be heard, and let *Reaſon* go round.
And ſoon on the globe not a tyrant is found.
Tumbled down! down! down! tumble down!

SONG.

SCOTCH NICK.

OR,

OLD HARRY's PLAIN CONFESSION.

Tune, "*Vauxhall Watch.*"

FAREWELL to Scotland's barren ground;
A better country I have found,
Where wealthy cuſtomers abound,
For "Wha wants me?"

Was ever ſuch a lucky Scot!
So ſnug a birth——So rich a lot!
I'll ſell the good things I have got,
Crying "Wha wants me?"

No guilty thoughts diſturb my mind,
I left my conſcience ſafe behind!
And all my happineſs I find
In "Wha Wants me?"

You envious Scotchmen all, behold!
You ſay I have my country ſold;
Then ſee what heaps of ſhining gold,
For "Wha wants me?

The Teſt Act might have been repeal'd,
And all your wide diviſions heal'd,
Had you but PROPERLY appeal'd
To "Wha wants me?"

To any meaſure I'll agree,
Let Tyrants rule, or men be free;
Let this my happy freedom be,
Crying, "Wha wants me?"

If Paine were choſe to rule the land,
And he ſhould take me by the hand;
I would ſubmit to HIS command,
Crying, "Wha wants me?"

Then once for all, I let you know,
Let kings or people rule below;
If I'm in Office, round I'll go,
Crying, "Wha wants me?"

SONG

Tune, "*Sweet Willy O!*"

THE pride of the nation is Sweet Willy O!
The pride of the nation is Sweeet Willy O!
The people around
His virtues reſound,
So great is the fame of the Sweet Willy O!

He would be a ſtateſman, the DEEP Billy O!
He would be a ſtateſman, the DEEP Billy O!
From our low abyſs
To raiſe us to bliſs,
Was all the ambition of Sweet Willy O!

The king is delighted with Sweet Willy O!
The king is delighted with Sweet Willy O!
His WISHES to Crown
He taxes us down,
G. R. is before us where-ever we go!

The POOR are enraptured with DEAR Billy O!
The POOR are enraptured with DEAR Billy O!
If taxes are high,
And burthen'd they cry
They find their *relief* in the PIT---Billy O!

How free are the ſtars, O the kind Billy O!
Yet how tempting the ſight to a PIT---Billy O!
Tho' great the amount,
He takes no account,
Becauſe computation would puzzle him ſo.

The SUN is ſhut up in the PIT---Billy O!
The *ruler of a day in a* PIT---Billy O!!!
To buy LIGHT and AIR,
To the PIT we repair,
Our bleſſings are all in the PIT---Willy O!

Long life, light and health to the Sweet Billy O!
Thy foes let a darkneſs ſurround, Billy O!
How ſhould we get bread,
If Willy was dead!
Taxation would fall in thy PIT——Billy O!

To ſee him interr'd in the Pit——Willy O!
To ſee him interr'd in the Pit——Willy O!
How would our thoughts run
Upon the FREE SUN!
When darkneſs encloſes the PIT BILLY O!

The ſtaircaſe as dark as the Pit, Willy O!
Where ſcarce the right ſtep we can hit Billy O!
Once more the broad day
Would clearly diſplay,
And chaſe thy *black relic* away, Billy O!

An end to our darkneſs and Pit, Billy O!
Our ſun will ariſe when you ſet, Billy O!
The houſes long BLIND
Their EYES would ſoon find,
And ſhed a SWEET tear on thy Pit, Billy O!

SONG

FRENCH LIBERTY.

Tune, "*In the Garb of Old Gaul.*

WHEN firſt the great Senate of *Frenchmen* agreed,
From Corruption and Bondage—to die or be freed,
By troops all ſurrounded—defenceleſs—unarm'd,
Compos'd and collected, they ſat unalarm'd!

CHORUS.

Such was their love of Liberty, their ardour to be free,
And with the *Gallic Heroes* let ſurrounding pow'rs agree,
The tidings roll
From pole to pole,
Till Freedom crowns the day;
And round the Globe to all the race,
Her banners diſplay.—

Undaunted and firm as the Conſuls of Rome,
Unappall'd in their Councils--before them their doom;
"We'll die or be free!"—to the People they cry!
"We'll die or be free!"—Hark the People reply!
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

Majeſtic they roſe in a warlike array,
And drove from their ſtations the tyrants away;
The HEADS of the nation, confounded to ſee—
Surrender'd, and glad to ſurrender or flee.
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

In vain all the Crowns 'gainſt the people combine,
The whole human race are now forming the line,
While Frenchmen the firſt in the field lead the way,
And call to the nations around—" Come away!"
Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

In battle triumphant ſee Freedom appear!
Over heaps of the dead—ruſhing on with the ſpear!
Inſpir'd with ambition a country to ſave,
Aud give the invaders a part for their grave.
Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

Exulting the news! let the trumpet of Fame,
Aloud to the Slave, and the Deſpot proclaim;
They boaſted to ſlaughter, to waiſt, and reduce;
But ſoon GALLIC POWER made them ſue for a truce.
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

Unſhaken and firm — let the Deſpots unite,
Let Stateſmen and Placemen get hirelings to write;
While armies from conqueſt to conqueſt purſue,
THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE ſhall flouriſh anew!
Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

Great Heroes of Freedom, when ages are gone,
When Kings are forgotten, and Tyrants unknown,
Your fame ſhall be echo'd from ſhore unto ſhore,
Till Nations, and People, and Time are no more!

CHORUS.

Such is our love of liberty, our ardour to be free,
And with the *Gallic heroes* let ſurrounding pow'rs agree;
The tidings roll
From pole to pole,
Till Freedom crowns the day;
And round the Globe, to all the race
Her Banners diſplay ——

SONG.

BURKE's LAMENTATION,

FOR THE

LOST AGE OF CHIVALRY.

THE KEY.

" SURELY (he ſays, ſpeaking of the *laſt* QUEEN " of FRANCE) never LIGHTED ON THIS ORB, which " ſhe hardly ſeemed to TOUCH, a more delightful " VISION! I ſaw her, JUST ABOVE THE HORISON, " decorating and chearing the elevated ſphere ſhe juſt " began to move in—glittering like the MORNING " STAR! full of life and ſplendour and joy. I thought " ten thouſand ſwords muſt have leaped from their " ſcabbards to avenge (*What?*) even a LOOK that " threatened her with inſult!!!—But the Age of Chi- " valry is gone!—The GLORY of Europe is extin- " guiſhed for ever!!! .....BURKE on the French Revolution, page 112.

SURELY, Reader, if you poſſeſs but one grain of common ſenſe, you will ſay, that either this paſſage is not quoted from BURKE's celebrated *defence of Royalty*, or that the author took leave of his ſenſes when he wrote it.--I have look'd into his book three times, that I might not miſtake, and I am willing to make affidavit before our ſovereign lord the king, that you may find it in page 112.

PLAINTIVE.

I SAW, but O, I ſurely dream'd!
A viſion drop from heaven (it ſeem'd);
The world a brighter luſtre wore,
Than ever Man beheld before.

Philoſophers could not declare
Which power did moſt attraction ſhare;
If to the viſion, earth aroſe,
Or ſhe deſcended—no one knows.

I ſaw the angel ſkip around,
Her heavenly feet ſcarce touch'd the ground;
She lighted on a ſplendid throne,
The glory then of Europe ſhone,

Ten thouſand Dons and Cavaliers,
Around her ſtood with ſwords and ſpears,
To be her ſlaves was all they ſought,
This was the grace of life unbought."

Methought---O! how my brains muſt reel!
Ten thouſand ſwords of magic ſteel,
Would leap their ſcabbards to chaſtiſe
Thoſe, who had not elaſtic eyes!

But, O! how Time's revolving glaſs
Brings unexpected things to paſs!
The Queen is driven from her throne,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Where are the Quixotes now, and where
The Sanchos, to defend the fair?---
The Dulcinea's left to moan,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Fly, Quixote, thro' the air, like wind,
And Sancho, too, get up behind!---
Alas! no Sancho here, nor Don,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

O peerleſs Queen! thou are bereft
Of All thy friends, and with me left?
With WOEFUL FACES thus we groan,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Enchanters! O reſtore the Kinghts,
That can ſo well aſſert her rights!
Alas! Enchanters are unknown!
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Ten thouſand ſwords, why do ye ſleep?
Your drowſy ſcabbards quickly leap;
The crew with inſult all look on;
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Come Kingly butchers, then, advance,;
And deſolate the plains of France;
Alas! ye move but ſlowly on!
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Then bring my Roſinante, that I
My proweſs in the field may try;
It would reward my toil and pain,
Could I reſtore the AGE again.

But, ah!--- No more--- I will not go,
REASON appears my potent foe
'Tis REASON keeps her from the throne,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

SONG.

Tune, "*Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife:*

OUR fathers left a race of Kings,
And we were glad to find them;
O how we lov'd the pretty things!
And laugh'd and ran behind them.

We laid our necks beneath their feet,
So humble and ſo lowly ;
And they rode over as was meet;
Still pleas'd to ſee our folly.

But warmly now our hearts incline,
To rule the land without them;
The *mouldy Parchments* we reſign,
And from the globe we'll rout 'em.

SONG.

Tune, "*Chevy Chace.*"

THEY proſper beſt who have no king
To rob them and enthrall;
Then let out acclamations ring,
At ev'ry tyrant's fall,

To drive the deſpots from their throne,
And ſtateſmen from their place,
A woeful fighting is begun,
Among the human race.

Now Edmund Burke, a rueful knight.
(Whoſe tender heart did ache,
To ſee the people gain their RIGHT)
A ſolemn vow did make,

That paper---pens---and eke ink-horn,
Should put them to the rout;
The child ſhall bleſs that is un--born,
The writings he ſent out*.

His thoughts with phraſe theatric clad,
Were ſtrong to melt the ear;
And metaphoric ſpeech he had
To make his ſubject clear.

With LOYALTY his boſom glow'd,
And as he lov'd the gold;
A little penſion was beſtow'd,
To make him fight more bold.

The rules of errantry he knew,
And did to France prepair;
To bid his peerleſs Queen, adieu!
And thus addreſs'd the fair:

"Delightful viſion! it is meet,
" Thy bleſſing ere I go!
"I'll ſoon return, and at thy feet,
" Lay all my conqueſts low."

She ſmil'd---When turning quickly round,
He vaniſh'd fom her ſight;
And like a hero took his ground,
All ready for the fight.——

---

* That is, for the Enquiry they have provoked.

Theſe tidings came to Thomas Paine,
A man of courage bold;
Who could the "Rights of Man" explain,
And king-craft too unfold.

With heart and head both ſound and clear,
The cauſe he undertook;
And now in battle both appear,
And Book appears to Book,

Loud vaunted Edmund in the field,
Like Quixote 'monſt the ſheep;
Who thought with ſuch a ſword and ſhield,
To end them at a ſweep.

The valour of Sir Knight was great,
For in his rear we find;
To cover, if he ſhould retreat,
Were but a FEW inclin'd.

While Paine, (the foe of kings) appears
Majestic on the plain;
The ſhout of ALL THE WORLD he hears,
And ſees them in his train!

With courage did the Knight advance,
Diſcerning not his foe;
He challeng'd all the Knights of France,
And aim'd a dreadful blow!

He gave them warning to retreat,
And wonder'd at their ſtay;
He little thought ſo ſoon to meet,
Obſtruction in his way!

A thouſand paces back he ran,
At ſight of warlike PAINE;
And ſoon were ſeen THE RIGHTS OF MAN,
Triumphant on the plain!

Baſe-born plebeian, ſaid the Knight;
As he retir'd with ſpeed;
It is not lawful we ſhould fight,
With men of vulgar breed.—

So ſaying, and all out of breath,
Quick out of ſight he ſteals;
And thought each moment cruel death,
Would ſeize his heavy heels.

Theſe tidings came to George our king,
In Windſor where he lay—
What! what! what news, news! do ye bring,
Has Edmund loſt the day?

O heavy, heavy news, he ſaid!
England can witneſs be,
There's none can give a Monarch aid,
Of ſuch account as he.

The Courts in black may all be hung,
If they purſue the fight;
Our paſſing bell will ſoon be rung,
If men obtain their right;

The victory was ſoon PROCLAIM'D,
And eke the Monarch's dread;
Forbidding books all left UNNAM'D,
E'en to be ſold or read.

At which the PRESSES aiming well,
Full charg'd they all let fly;
Enough were found the books to ſell,
Enough the books to buy.

And now the people all rejoice,
Such tidings heard they never;
They cry aloud with chearful voice,
THE RIGTHS OF MAN FOR EVER!!!

SONG.

PAINE's WELCOME TO GREAT-BRITIAN.

Tune, "*He comes, he comes.*"

HE comes—the GREAT REFORMER comes,
Ceaſe, ceaſe your trumpets ceaſe, ceaſe your drums;
Thoſe warlike ſounds offend the ear,
PEACE and FRIENDSHIP now appear,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, THOU REFORMER here.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare,
Freedom chears the brow of care;
The joyful tidings, ſpread around,
Monarchs tremble at the ſound!
Freedom, freedom, freedom, freedom,
RIGHTS OF MAN, and PAINE, reſound.

SONG.

Tune, "*Highland Laddie,*"

PROUD Monarchs rais'd to wear a crown,
Forget the POWER by which they hold it;
They tread the paſſive ſubject down,
And thirſt for vengeance when they're told it.

CHORUS.

But, no more with blind ſubmiſſion—
We'll read them o'er a new commiſſion;
The People's voice
Shall be their choice,
And tread beneath their feet—oppreſſion.

And men forget that kings of old,
Depending on their free election,
Durſt at their peril be ſo bold,
To rule but as they had direction.
But, no more, &c.

Or, if the king, a SOT betrays,
Or, if humane his diſpoſition;
Some miniſter aſſumes and ſways,
And robs to feed his own ambition.
But, no more, &c.

Thus kings and miniſters ſucceed,
In either ſtill the tyrant reigning;
They ſuck the poor, and as they feed,
Forbid the ſufferer's complaining.

CHORUS.

But no more with blind ſubmiſſion—
We'll read them o'er a new commiſſion;
The people's voice
Shall be their choice,
And tread beneath their feet—oppreſſion.

SONG.

WHITEHALL ALARMED!

AND

A COUNCIL CALLED!!!

Tune, *Come let us prepare,*" &c.

COME let us prepare,
We ſtateſmen that are,
Aſſembl'd on this dread occaſion;
Let the engines of ſtate,
Before 'tis too late,
Repel the ſurrounding invaſion!

While people were fools,
We made them our tools,
Our VIRTUE was never ſuſpected,
But now they ariſe,
And open their eyes!
And all our deſigns are detected.

'Tis not the mere crew,
We have to ſubdue,
Nor armies nor fleets can aſſiſt us:
'Tis REASON alone,
Beſieges the throne,
And REASON is ſtrong to reſiſt us.

Nor can we by force,
Now alter the courſe,
ENQUIRY and reaſon are taking;
By land and at ſea,
They cry, TO BE FREE!
The POWERS of the world are ſhaking.

How proudly in France,
Doth Reaſon advance,
All nations behold it with wonder
The ſtate and the church
Are left in the LURCH,
And the partnerſhip broken aſunder.

Then while we deplore
Their traffic no more!
The prieſts and their ſhops all forſaken,
Leſt our holy ware,
A like fate ſhould ſhare,
Let ſpeedy precautions be taken.

The boroughs in vain
Endeavour'd to gain,
E'en thanks to the king for his kindneſs,
The people too wiſe,
Saw through the diſguiſe,
And call'd it CORRUPTION and BLINDNESS.

No thanks could be due,
The people well knew,
To be told they were HAPPY, if not ſo;
For quickly they found,
In CHAINS they were bound,
And alſo could ſee how they got ſo.

Then what now remains,
To lock them in chains,
And lead them on tamely in fetters,
How great is the loſs!
Its almoſt a toſs
Wether they'll ſubmit to their betters.

To darken the mind,
Let the Preſs be confin'd,
A LAW againſt reading and ſpeaking;
Such bondage might paſs,
Among the low claſs,
And let it be call'd their own ſeeking.

And next, to ſecure
Their LOYALTY ſure,
Let THINKING, be deemed *high treaſon*;
For ſtill, after all,
Our ſyſtem muſt fall,
Unleſs we are LORDS of their REASON.

SONG

FRANCE's LAMENTATION,

On the APPROACH of the DUKE of BRUNSWICK

Tune, "*Malbrouk.*"

BREAK out in lamentation,
O Frenchmen, for your nation,
A dreadful devaſtation,
Is now upon the road;
Alas, we may deplore,
Our *Freedom* ſoon no more!

The mighty combination,
Begins the deſolation,
A frightful declaration,
The DUKE has ſent abroad.

He'll from his preſence ſpurn us,
Or unto Louis turn us,
Or elſe he'll cut and burn us,
If we refuſe his ſway;
O how we quake with fear!
The duke approaches near!!!
He thunders and he flaſhes!
Our caſtles down he daſhes!
And lays our towns in aſhes!
As they obſtruct his way.

Now on full march to Paris,
O how report doth ſcare us!
They ſay he will not ſpare us,
Nor age, nor ſex, nor ſize;
A foe ſo ſtrong, ſo nigh,
We cannot fight nor fly,
Alas we need not ſtrive---O!
We never can ſurvive---O!
They'll eat us up alive---O!
Or make us into pies.

Still nearer ſee him bearing!
His very lodgings airing,
The cooks are all preparing,
The ſplendid kingly feaſts---

Lo, now they ſeize the glaſs,
"Vive le roi," they paſs!
The queen no more deploring—
The court again reſtoring—
The people running roaring,
Are hunted down like beaſts!

*** Did not report almoſt ſay as much? did not tyrants deſire it? and did not the ignorant dread it.

[PART SECOND]

DUKE BOBADIL's RETREAT,

WHAT meant our conſternation?
'Twas all imagination,
'Twas for his recreation,
The duke came into France;
He thought we were a-ſleep,
And took a harmleſs peep,
But when he ſaw our forces,
Our cannon, foot and horſes,
Onr ſtores and wide reſources,
He trembled to advance.

THIONVILLE he ſurrounded,
But how was he confounded,
And his proud feelings wounded,
The WOODEN HORSE to ſee!

CHORUS.

Hark! the trumpet of Fame bids you rouſe and oppoſe
The tyrants uniting,
While Frenchmen are fighting,
And Freedom inviting---to conquer your foes.

Shall men as the HEADS of the nation preſide,
Who cannot the TEST OF ENQUIRY ABIDE?
Let them boaſt of their vitues and plead for the ſtate,
So felons remonſtrate, in view of their fate.
Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c,

They flatter and fawn, and their friendſhip expreſs,
To blind, while they plunder, and roll in exceſs;
And a penſion boſtow for the PRAISES of thoſe,
Who would, if not BRIB'D their CORRUPTION expoſe,
Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c.

While APOSTATES and TYRANTS ſo boldly agree,
Let the powers of our reaſon, *enlighten'd* and *free*,
Unappall'd at their frowns---with the object in view,
Thro' all its dark turnings, oppreſſion purſue.

CHORUS.

Hark! the trumpet of Fame bids you rouſe and oppoſe,
The tyrants uniting,
While Frenchmen are fighting;
And Freedom inviting---to conquer your foes.

SONG.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

BY HIS LORDSHIP.

THE Rights of Man I will maintain,
Upon the old foundation;
And thoſe who venture to complain,
Shall hear a proclamation.

CHORUS.

For kings and lords, the Rights of Man,
Were firſt of all intended;
And ſince the reign of kings began,
The Rights of Man are ended.

Now take me right, as we proceed,
'Tis needful I ſhould mention,
I am a ſon of noble breed,
And hold a little penſion.
For kings and lords, &c.

Kings have a right divine to be
Your LORDS, and GODS, and Maſters;
And commons, peers, and prieſts agree,
To laugh at your diſaſters.
For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to all the toil,
And while it ne'er relaxes,
We eat the dainties of the ſoil,
And feed you well with taxes.
For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to chain your tongue,
When ſore you feel oppreſſion;
Nor check, nor call our meaſures wrong,
So wide is our commiſſion.
For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to live and breathe,
And anſwer your creation;
But mark—your fathers did bequeath,
To us—to rule the nation.
For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to wear your rags,
And pay your debts in limbo,
While we, like Judas, keep your bags,
And boldly after him go.
For kings and lords, &c.

In fine, the nation is our own;
And let me further tell you,
The powerful right is in the throne,
By which we buy and ſell you.

For kings and lords, the rights of man,
Were firſt of all intended;
And ſince the reign of kings began,
The rights of man are ended.

SONG.

WHA DOES THIS BONNET FIT?

Tune, "*Jolly Miller,*"

A WICKED Scotchman now reſides,
Juſt by the treaſury;
He ſteals and cheats from morn to night,
No thief more glad than he.

CHORUS.

This is the burthen of his ſong,
Where-ever he may be;
I care for nobody right or wrong,
And nobody cares for me.

His fingers had the dreadful itch,
Which made him croſs the Tweed,
To find a cure among the rich,
And having made great ſpeed,
This is the burthen, &c.

His conſcience made of temper'd ſteel,
His face of ſolid braſs;
Remorſe nor ſhame he ne'er did feel,
Since he in office was
This is the burthen, &c.

Yet one ſad thought his boſom heaves,
And yeilds a ſmarting pain,
That, ſhould the ſtate be purg'd from THIEVES,
He loſes all again!

CHROUS.

Still this the burhten of his ſong,
Where-ever he may be;
I care for nobody, right or wrong,
And nobody cares for me,

THE
ENQUIRER AND HIS ECHO.

A DIALOGUE.

SAY ECHO, how ſhall we diffuſe the light,
And teach unthinking men to claim their right?
Echo——WRITE.

But if we ſhould their enemies expoſe,
Will not a Proclamation ſoon oppoſe?
Echo——OPPOSE.

Perhaps, they would remove the nation's woe,
If they our numerous grievances did know,
Echo——No.

Why do they then, profeſs to be our friends,
The bulwark which our LIBERTY defends?
Echo——FIENDS.

They ſay we may with confidence rely
On them, a never-failing firm ally.
Echo——A LIE!

What are their motives, Echo, then ſay plain,
So eager each appears a ſeat to gain:
Echo——Gain.

Then were electors blind not to refuſe?
Or were they brib'd, the people's curſe to chuſe?
Echo——JEWS!

But why does not the monarch intercede
Againſt ſuch men——to ruin us agreed?
Echo——GREED!

Where then his virtuous miniſtry I wonder?
What ſay the princes to the nation's blunder?
Echo——PLUNDER!

And where the gownſmen then with holy faces,
Can they not act by virtue of their places?
Echo——PLACES!

Alas! ſad Echo, I ſhall ceaſe to name,
Such overgrown corruption you proclaim.
Echo——CLAIM

But claim from whom, and what ſhall we regain?
The nation's doom'd to tyranny and pain.
Echo——PAINE!!

What, Echo, do you recommend indeed,
A man of ſuch ſeditious, wicked breed?
Echo——READ!

But who made TRUTH a LIBEL? or the leaves
Condemns, which but aſſert, that *Thieves* are *Thieves*
Echo——THIEVES!

To what then muſt the people have recourſe,
To gain reform, what arguments enforce?
Echo——FORCE.

Echo, farewell—and let all tyrants know it,
A change is near, and they muſt undergo it.
Echo——GO IT!!

SONG.

ADAPTED TO THE

Sentiments of a *red hot* ARISTOCRAT,

Tune, "*God ſave the king,*"

LONG live our gracious king,
To him your treaſure bring,
Gen' rous and free!
His feelings are ſo tough,
You ne'er can give enough;
Why keep ye back the ſtuff?
Rebels ye be.

See, on the guineas fair,
His graceful picture there,
Which, as you view,
Worſhip---and let them be
Sent to his treaſury;
Send them to him, that he
May worſhip too!

You have a houſe and bed,
And you are cloath'd and fed,
Temp'rate and bare;
Still let it be your aim,
Pride and exceſs to tame,
For your kind maſter's claim,
All your can ſpare.

E.

Great George our King we own,
Each on his marrow-bone,
Engliſhmen true:
He ſhall ride over us!
Happy and glorious,
Freedom! victorious
Frenchmen ne'er knew.

Chear up each mournful face,
See what a hopeful race,
Now all alive!
O how it ſwells the ſong!
Princes ſo young and ſtrong,
Might draw a dray along,
Ready to drive.

Long live our NOBLE king,
To him your guineas bring,
Gen'rous and free!
Let it our hearts elate,
Still to ſupport the great---
Proud of our low eſtate
Still let us be!

SONG.

Kings a *great* Bleſſing to a Nation.

SOON as a monarch mounts the throne,
His USEFULNESS is clearly known,
As thouſands can declare ;
The kingly trade he undertakes,
And many a little monarch makes,
The government to ſhare.

And now in all the toils of ſtate.
He THINKS and LABOURS---early ----late;
And with an ANXIOUS mind!
He preſſes on from care to care,
The people's burthens HEAVY bear,
Upon his GRACIOUS mind!

He leaves the diſſipated crew,
Routs, feaſts, and ſporting to purſue----
The follies of the day :
Far greater thoughts his heart engage,
Than concerts--hunting---or the ſtage ;
As wiſe Duguet doth ſay,

The law HE next ſurveys, and ſees,
That acts and deeds, and ſuits and fees,
May not the poor oppreſs ;
Hence, Judges ſo UPRIGHT we ſee,
And Juries, HONEST, wiſe and FREE;
Their pureſt thoughts expreſs.

Anon the church his care demands,
The holy troop with gowns and bands,
He ſuffers none FOR HIRE!
To feed and guide the poor and blind,
To raiſe and cultivate the mind,
Of each he doth require.

Thus kings are rais'd to BLESS the land,
And Church and State go hand in hand,
The BLESSING to enſure;
Upon our backs, the JUNTO rides;
So ſoft they ſit upon our hides,
'Tis PLEASANT to endure!

SONG.

Tune, *Duſky Night.*"

No longer loſt in ſhades of night,
Where late in chains we lay!
The ſun ariſes, and his light
Diſpels our gloom away.

CHORUS.

And demanding Freedom all,
While kings combine,
We boldly join,
Nor ceaſe till tyrants fall.

No longer blind, and proud to lye
In ſlavery profound;
But for redreſs aloud we cry!
And tyrants hear the ſound.
Demanding Freedom all, &c.

The pomp of courts no more engage;
The magic ſpell is broke;
We hail the bright-reforming age!
And caſt away the yoke.
Demanding Freedom all, &c.

Our ſubſtance and our blood no more,
So tamely ſhall we yield;
Nor quit like ſlaves our native ſhore,
To deck the MONSTER's field.
But demanding Freedom all, &c.

The rotten lumber of the land,
The courtly penſion'd train;
Shall hear their ſentence and diſband,
As we our rights regain.
Thus demanding Freedom all, &c.

The mitred villain as he rolls,
In luxury and luſt,
He blinds and robs the ſilly ſouls,
Committed to his truſt.
But demanding Freedom all, &c.

Amus'd no more with empty lies,
Of BLISS we never knew;
The traitors drop the ſtate diſguiſe,
And cloſely we purſue.

CHORUS.

Demanding freedom all!
While kings combine,
We boldly join,
Nor ceaſe till tyrants fall.

SONG

TO THE
LONDON CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.

Tune, "*See your Country righted*"

ASSEMBLED in our Country's Cauſe,
Hail the happy ſeaſon;
We fear no frowns---nor court applauſe,
Purſuing truth and reaſon,

CHORUS.

Boldly all with heart and hand,
Meet we here united,
By each other firmly ſtand,
To ſee our Country righted.

Long beneath the rod we lay,
Plunder'd and contented;
But no more ſhall tyrants ſway,
Our wrongs ſhall be reſented.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

See the rich and ſumptuous board!
Harpies all ſurrounding,
Seize our wealth to ſwell the hoard,
In luxury abounding.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

Shall we tamely yet reſign,
Our purſe to theſe Collectors?
And hail them with a RIGHT DIVINE!
Away with ſuch protectors.
Boldly then with heart, &c.

Fearleſs of their lawleſs pow'r,
Empty ſons of thunder;
Let them bluſter out their hour,
They ſhall ſoon knock under.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

Brave the dangers that ſurround,
Bid them all defiance;
Truth eternal is our ground,
THE PEOPLE our alliance.
Boldly then with heart, &c.

See our numbers how they grow!
Crowding and dividing*;
Eager all their Rights to know,
Reaſon ſtill preſiding.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

Let us then as friends agree;
Kings and prieſts diſſemble,
War and ſtill they love to ſee,
Union makes them tremble.

CHORUS.

Boldly all with heart and hand,
Meet we here united,
By each other firmly ſtand,
To ſee our Country righted.

---

*Alluding to the affiliated *diviſions* which file off every night of meeting to different parts of the town.

SONG.

Tune, "*Mulberry Tree.*"

THE great Reformation, approaching, we hail!
'Gainſt ſtateſmen and prieſts truth and reaſon prevail
Triumphant the planters of Liberty, ſee!
Preparing the ſoil of the globe for the tree.

CHORUS.

All ſhall yield to FREEDOM's fair tree,
Bend to thee
Bleſt Liberty!
Heroes are they, now planting thee,
And all their great names immortal ſhall be!

Away with the ſplendour and pomp of a court,
Our toil ſhall no longer the baubles ſupport,
No longer the ſlaves of a ſtateſman and king,
Inſpir'd by the Muſes of Freedom we ſing.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Ye Britions, for courage in battle renoun'd
For freedom and riches—Alas, empty ſound!
Triumphant ye came from the field and the main,
To be conquered and plundered by ſtateſmen again.
Then repair to, &c.

Ye trees of corruption in courts ye abound,
The fruits ye produce are a curſe to the ground,
In the ſoil where ye flouriſh no others can grow,
But now ſee the axe at your roots aim the blow.
All ſhall yield, &c.

May Heav'n guard THE PEOPLE and armies of France
And cruſh all their foes wher-ever they advance;
An end to the councils of traitors combin'd
The downfall of tyrants—and peace to mankind!
All ſhall yield, &c.

How great in the ages to come and how dear,
Your names, and your conqueſts great heroes will [appear!
With rapture they'll read, and your actions review,
While under the ſhade of the tree raiſed by you!

All ſhall yield to FREEDOM's fair tree,
Bend to thee
Bleſt Libery!
Here are they, now planting thee,
And all their great names immortal ſhall be!

*SONG.

MARSEILLES MARCH.

SUNG BY THE MARSEILLOIS GOING TO BATTLE.
BY GENERAL KELLERMAN's ARMY
AND AT
THE DIFFERENT THEATRES IN PARIS.

YE ſons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you riſe!
Your children, wives, and grandſires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, miſchief breeding,
With hireling hoſt, a ruffian band,
Affright and deſolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding!

CHROUS.

To arms, to arms ye brave!
Th'avenging ſword unſheath,
March on, march on, all hearts reſolv'd
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dang'rous ſtorm is rolling,
Which treach'rous Kings, confederate, raiſe;
The dogs of war let looſe are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;

And ſhall we baſely view the ruin,
While lawleſs Force, with guilty ſtride,
Spreads deſolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing;
To arms, ye brave, &c.

While luxury and pride ſurrounded,
The vile inſatiate deſpots dare,
Their thirſt of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air;
Like beaſts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their ſlaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then ſhall they longer laſh and goad us?
To arms, ye brave, &c.

O Liberty! can men reſign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars, confine thee,
Or whips thy noble ſpirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falſehoods dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our ſword and ſhield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging ſword unſheath.
March on, march on, all hearts reſolv'd
On victory or death!

*SONG.

SUNG BY Mr. DIGNUM,

AT THE

Anniverſary of the Revolution of 1688.

Held at the LONDON TAVERN NOV. 1792.

Tune—"*The tear that bedews ſenſibility's ſhrine.*"

UNFOLD, Father, Time, thy long records unfold
Of noble atchievements accompliſh'd of old;
When men by the ſtandard of Liberty led,
Undauntedly conquer'd, or chearfully bled:
But now 'midſt the triumphs theſe moments reveal,
Their glories all fade, and their luſtre turns pale:
While France riſes up, and proclaims the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

As ſpring to the fields, or as dew to the flowers:
To the earth parch'd with heat, as the ſoft dropping [ſhowers,
As health to the wretch that lyes languid and wan,
Or reſt to the weary—is Freedom to man:
Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives,
There only He, triumphs, there only he lives;
Then ſeize the glad moment, and hail the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

Too long had oppreſſion and terror entwin'd,
Thoſe tyrant form'd chains that enſlav'd the free mind
While dark Superſtition with Nature at ſtrife,
For ages had lock'd up the fountains of life,
But the dæmon is fled, the deluſion is paſt,
And Reaſon and Virtue have triumph'd at laſt;
Then ſeize the glad moment, and hail the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

France, we ſhare in the rapture thy boſom that fills,
While the Genius of Liberty bounds o'er thine hills;
Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Prouder wave thy green woods, and thine olive trees
[grow
While the hand of philoſophy long ſhall entwine,
Bleſt emblem, the laurel, the myrtle and vine;
And Heaven thro' all ages confirms the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

---

*SONG.

SUNG AT THE

Anniverſary of the Revolution of 1668.

Held at the LONDON TAVERN, Nov. 5 1792.

SEE! bright Liberty deſcending,
O'er the verdant hills and plains:
And bold GALLIA, nobly ſending,
FREEDOM to the ſlaves in chains.

See ! fell tyranny defeated ;
By each bold and patriot band,
May their triumphs be repeated,
O'er oppreſſion's iron hand.

Oh ! may we partake the rapture,
Which triumphant patriots feel ;
May they ev'ry tyrant capture,
Who attacks the commonweal.

May the cauſe which they're protecting,
Spread thro' every ſtate and clime ;
That men on their rights reflecting,
REVOLUTIONS well may time.

Let not men of any nation,
By falſe arguments deceiv'd.
Startle at a reformation,
When their country is aggriev'd.

But as human inſtitutions,
Are by nature prone to change ;
Let ſucceeding revolutions,
Wiſe and equal laws arrange.

Thus ſecured ſhall future ages,
Who may celebrate this day ;
Say "no more wild diſcord rages,
TRUTH AND REASON bear the ſway.

*SONG.

THE PORTERS' GOSSIP.

OR AN

IRISH DEFENCE of the BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

By J. WALKER.

RECITATIVE.

AT alehouſe door, where weary porters ſtop,
To pitch their loads and take a chearing drop,
Jenkin and Patrick once together met,
Their bus'neſs was the ſame, to reſt and wet;
Beer ſharpen'd wit, and glibly run their gab;
What follows is a ſketch of their confab.

AIR BY JENKIN.

Cot pleſs hur, what puſſle and rout;
Come tell hur, coot frient, if you can,
What all that creat pook is apout,
Which hur thinks they call Paine's Rights of Man!

They tell hur ſuch wonderful things,
A Welchman's as goot as a LORT;
There's no more occaſion for kings
Than hur crantmoter hat for a ſwort.

And princes, tukes, Intans, and placks,
Are the ſame plood and pody as we ;
The poor ſhall not pay ſo much tax,
But that all hafe a right to be free.

RECITATIVE.

Now Paddy had perus'd the Rights of Man,
So hitched his breeches up, and thus began :

AIR, BY PADDY.

Blood an'ouns, Maſter Jenkin, I'm now after thinking
You're not quite the thing in your nob,
Why Paine's bodderation--drives mad half the nation,
He'll one day repent his wild gob.
Can you call that mad patter of his, Common Senſe,
Where he ſays, we're the ſame fleſh & blood as a prince
Arra, who can believe ſuch queer nonſenſe as this,
No, Jenkin, its cruel---But hear me, my jewel,
I'll engage I'll tell what the rights of an Engliſh-
[man is.
But this ne'er enter'd your nob,
If it had, you wou'd never complain ;
Whiſht! whiſht, hububoo, hold your gob,
Whiſht, whiſht, hububoo, filililoo,
To be ſure a big rogue is Tom Paine,
Now you know my dear cr'ature, a king has by nature
A head nicely fitted to rule ;
And his children for ever---muſt be mighty clever,
For how ſhould a king get a fool ?

Then there's lords, and there's dukes, and there's
[earls and what not,
'Caze they're rich, they're as wiſe as the devil knows
[what,
Arra, Jenkin, you know they can't live on the air,
So we tip them a penſion, the ſum's not worth mention
Poor cr'atures for what is 4, 5, or 6000 a year.
But this never enter'd, &c.

A million a year, for a monarch my dear,
Is not quite three thouſand a day.
What he has to do ſir, is nothing to you ſir,
Don't bodder your noddle then pray.
For a miniſter's whim, 'tis an Engliſhman's right,
To be press'd from his wife and his children---to fight,
While placemen are lolling at eaſe on the ſod,
While ſoldiers are tramping, in dangers encamping
Devil help'em, ſure ſixpence a day is enough for
[a ſwad.
But that never enter'd, &c.

You may think it alarming, my ſoul there's no harm in,
A game at gunpowder and lead;
If your king pick the quarrel, why you'll wear the
That is, if you bring back your head! [laurel,
You know my dear cr'ature, your brother's your *foe*
And his throat you muſt cut, if your king tells you ſo,
What tho' he ne'er gave you a word of offence,
He goes to perdition, for ſtateſmen's ambition;
What matter? yet Paine won't allow this to be
[Common Senſe,
But this never enter'd, &c.

And the great bodderation—he makes on taxation,
'Tis all my dear Peter-my-knife:
For taxing the malt—houſes, leather and ſalt,
Sure you know are all LUXURIES of life;
And the tax upon coals, could not Richmond ſupport
Did we not make it up with ſome places at court.
Death an'ouns, we will ſtarve to maintain their
[expence,
And live, my dear cra'tures—on herrings and praties,
By my ſoul tho' you'll never bear this, while
[we have common ſenſe.
That's the book that's been cramming your nob;
You'll never hear paddy complain;
Whiſht, wiſht, bububoo, hold your gob,
Whiſht, whiſht, hububoo, filillilloo,
To be ſure a big rogue is Tom Paine.

SONG.

Tune, "*The Topſails ſhiver in the Wind.*"

IN times of yore, when heroes fought,
And cities ſtream'd with blood,
The bards to better ſtrains untaught,
Sang of the crimſon flood.
Far nobler themes my muſe invite,
Then e'er inſpir'd theſe ſons of night.

FREEDOM, who long had dormant lain,
While deſpots bore the ſway,
Now deigns to viſit man again.
Reveal'd thro' TRUTH's bright ray;
Hence then ye poets, join to praiſe
FREEDOM in your immortal lays.

And firſt, that brave unrivall'd chief,
Who did her cauſe maintain,
Whoſe work evinc'd in every leaf,
Their godlike author PAINE.
While gratitude inſpires your ſong,
To him your warmeſt thanks belong.

A bolder champion to engage
Falſhood had never found;
Reſplendent TRUTH illum'd each page,
And flaſh'd conviction round.
Soon as this mighty work began,
All nature echo'd, "RIGHTS OF MAN!"

America had caught the flame,
And ſcorn'd ſubmiſſion baſe;
To laws unjuſt, no longer tame,
She bow'd her manly race;
But independence long had rear'd,
And neither ſlaves nor monarks fear'd.

To Gallia's ſhore the influence ſpread,
Her num 'rous ſons aroſe,
By liberty and reaſon led,
They found and cruſh'd their foes.
High ſounding titles down they cry,
And make their lordly owners fly.

Surrounding kings unite to go
Againſt this favour'd place;
For monarchy now felt a blow,
Which ſhook her firmeſt baſe.
Armies combine, France to attack,
But GOD and nature drove them back.

Fain would the muſe now take her flight,
And ſing *Britania* free;
That ſacred Iſle, where once ſo bright,
Reign'd heav'n born LIBERTY.
But ah! how fall'n yet ſoon ſhe'll riſe,
And proudly claim her native ſkies.

COMPARISON.

KIND Heav'n, we read, in days of yore,
Had mercy on the town of Zoar,
To ſave one RIGHTEOUS man;
To prop one SCEPTRED FOOL in France,
BRAVADO BRUNSWICK wields his lance;
He ſwears by all the powers of hell,
To ſlay and plunder—dire to tell!
A nation—IF he can,
But, lo! the ſons of freedom roſe,
And pull'd the BULLY by the noſe—
He turn'd about and RAN!

---

*STANZAS.

TO THE

CITIZEN GENERAL DUMOURIER.

HERALD of Freedom to the fertile plains,
For ages ſpoil'd by Auſtria's tyrants ſway,
Amidſt deliver'd Belgia's choral ſtrains,
Accept the tribute of a Briton's lay;
'Till ſome rapt poet build the lofty rhime,
That bears thy well-earn'd glory down the tide of time

Champion of France, yet not to France confin'd
Awaking Europe hails her patirot ſon,
'Tis thine to combat for oppreſs'd mankind,
And ſhake, in ev'ery clime, a lawleſs throne.
From Gallia's ſhores ſhall Freedom's triumph ſound
To the new world the frantic Grecian never found.

n vain ambition fir'd his eager youth,
For ſlaughter'd nations prov'd no birth divine,
Tho' flattery mock'd the ſolemn ſtile of truth,
And genious brought her gift to fortune's ſhrine.
Lur'd by the glare ſhe grac'd a worthleſs name,
And deck'd a proſp'rous robber with the wreaths of
[fame.

So, oft emblazon'd in the claſſic page,
Has Latin valour gain'd the Muſe's praiſe,
Yet calmly view'd in time's maturer age,
Rome's patriot virtue ſhines with feeble rays;
Virtue that never knew for man to glow;
But dragg'd in haughty triumph ev'n a ſuppliant foe

Nor abject thus did Belgia's ſons appear,
To ſwell the triumphs the glad people throng,
Of freedom's equal laws with tranſport hear,
And ſhout to fav'ring Heav'n one grateful ſong.
In that bleſt hour what joys 'twere thine to know,
Reaſon's pure joys, that plunder'd worlds could ne'er
[beſtow.

J. T. R.

SONNET,
To BRITIAN,
1766.

RENOUND Britianna! lov'd parental land!
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye!
Whene'er the weight of WANT's afflicting hand,
Wakes in thy vales the poor's perſuaſive cry.

When wealth ENORMOUS ſets the oppreſſor high,
When BRIBES thy ductile ſenators command,
And ſlaves in office freemen's RIGHTS withſtand,
THEN MOURN! for then thy fate approacheth nigh!

Nor from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main;
Tho'leagu'd in war, tremendious round thy ſhore—
But from THYSELF, thy ruin muſt proceed:
Nor boaſt thy power; for now it is decreed,
Thy FREEDOM loſt, thy power ſhall be no more.

ODE to the DRUM.

I HATE that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtleſs youth it pleaſure yeilds,
And lures from cities and from fields.

To ſell their Liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glitt'ring arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruined ſwains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans,
And all that miſery's hand beſtows,
To ſwell the catalogue of human woes.

* To MANKIND.

AN ODE.

Is there, or do the ſchoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a power ſupreme,
The delegate of Heav'n?
To whom an uncontroul'd command,
In every realm, o'er ſeas and land,
By ſpecial grace is giv'n?

* Dodſley's Poems, Vol. II.

Then ſay what ſigns this GOD proclaim?
Dwells he amidſt the diamond's flame,
A throne his hallow'd ſhrine?
Alas! the pomp, the arm'd array
Want, *Fear*, and *Impotence* betray,
Strange proofs of power divine!!!

If ſervice due from human kind,
To men in SLOTHFUL eaſe reclin'd,
Can form a ſovereign's claim,
Hail monarchs! ye whom Heav'n ordains,
Our toils unſhar'd ---to ſhare our gains,
YE IDEOTS BLIND, and LAME!

Superior virtue, wiſdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So REASON muſt conclude----
Then thine it is, to whom belong,
The wiſe, the virtuous, and the ſtrong,
THRICE *SACRED MULITUDE!

In thee, vaſt ALL! are theſe contain'd,
For theſe are thoſe, thy parts ordain'd,
So Nature's ſyſtems roll:
The ſceptre's thine, if ſuch there be,
If none there is--- then thou art FREE,
Great MONARCH! MIGHTY WHOLE!

*How different the ſentiments of this patriotic and virtuous Author, to thoſe of that apoſtate courtier, who has dared, in the full ſpirit of his *impudence*, to call the majority and ſupport of the nation a "ſwiniſh multitude"

Let the proud tyrant reſt his cauſe,
On faith, preſcription, force, or laws,
An hoſt's or ſenate's voice,
His VOICE affirms thy ſtronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the ſpecies choice.

Unſanctify'd by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the ſcepter'd hand,
The TREMBLING SLAVE may bind,
But looſe from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force impos'd, belies
The unaſſenting mind.

THY WILL's thy rule, thy good its end,
You puinſh only to defend
What parent Nature gave;
And he who dare her gifts invade,
By nature's oldeſt law is made,
Thy victim or thy ſlave.

Thus reaſon founds the juſt decree,
On univerſal liberty,
Not private rights reſign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No PRIVATE BEINGS e'er were meant,
To hurt the GEN'RAL kind.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or leſſer SPOIERS ſhare his pow'rs,
While BOTH thy claim oppoſe?
Monſters who wore thy ſully'd crown,
Tyrants* who pull'd thoſe monſters down,
Alike to thee were foes!

Far other ſhone fair Freedom's band,
Far other was th' immortal ſtand,
When Hampden fought for thee;
They ſnatch'd from Rapine's gripe thy ſpoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and induſtry.

The foes, a frontleſs band, invade;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half thy right;
Ev'n LOCKE, beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day,
On man's too feeble ſight.

---

*This is, perhaps more than an oblique glance at Cromwell, the *Protector*, and ſome of his bloody banditti, who it appears brought Charles to the block only with a view to inherit his tyranny, and refuſed the regal honours merely to avoid ſuſpicion.—perhaps I am miſtaken.—they had a generation of vipers to grapple with.

O! ſhall the *bought.* and *buying* tribe,
The *ſlaves* who take and deal the *bribe,*
A people's claims enjoy !
So Indian murd'rers hope to gain,
The pow'rs and virtues of the ſlain,
Of wretches they deſtroy.

" Avert it Heav'n! you love the brave,
" You hate the trech'rous willing ſlave,
" The ſelf devoted head;
" Nor ſhall an hireling's voice convey,
" That ſacred prize to lawleſs ſway,
" For which a nation bled."

---

*SONG.

FOR THE

ANNIVERSARY of the REVOLUTION.

By G. DYER,

Tune, "*Rule Britannia,*"

WHEN beating tempeſts waſte the plains,
And lightnings cleave the angry ſky,
Sorrow invades the anxious ſwains,
And trembling nymphs to ſhelter fly.

CHORUS.

But ſhould the ſun, the ſun, illume the ſkies,
They catch his beams with grateful eyes.

When bigot zeal a nation rends,
And purple tyrants fill the throne;
Beneath their yoke meek virtue bends,
And modeſt truth is heard to groan;
But ſhould the ſtar, the ſtar of Freedom riſe,
Calm'd are their fears, and huſh'd their ſighs.

When generous patriots, long oppreſs'd,
Decree to curb a monarch's pride;
And Freedom warms a NATION's breaſt,
Who ſhall the general ardour chide?
What can withſtand, withſtand the *great decree*,
When a brave nation WILL BE FREE.

Thus Greece repell'd her numerous foes,
Thus Britain curb'd a Stuart's race,
Thus Gallia's ſons to glory roſe,
Heralds of Peace to future days;
And thus ſhall all, ſhall all the nations riſe,
And ſhout their triumphs to the skies.

The wars of monarks thus decided,
Commerce ſhall bleſs each ſmiling land;
And man from man no more divided,
In peace ſhall live, a friendly band:

Tyrants ſhall fall, no more, no more to riſe,
Like glaring meteors of the ſkies.

Then blooming youths, and ſages hoary,
Shall ſing the deeds of ancient days;
And tender virgins learn the ſtory,
And children liſp their grandſires praiſe.

Earth will be gay, be gay, and bright the ſkies,
When Freedom's golding ſtar ſhall riſe!

SONG.

CA IRA.

'TIS DANGEROUS to EAT,
'Tis DANGEROUS to MEET,
'Tis DANGEROUS to DRINK,
'Tis DANGEROUS to THINK.
Ca ira, ca ira: ca ira.

'Tis DANGEROUS to WALK,
'Tis DANGEROUS to TALK,
'Tis DANGEROUS to WRITE,
'Tis DANGEROUS to FIGHT,
Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira.

'Tis DANGEROUS to FEED,
'Tis DANGEROUS to READ,
'Tis DANGEROUS to GIVE,
'Tis DANGEROUS to LIVE.
Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira.

'Tis DANGEROUS to VIEW,
'Tis DANGEROUS to SUE,
'Tis DANGEKOUS to KNOW,
'Tis DANGEROUS to GO.
Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira.

SONG.

Tune, "*Hearts of Oak.*"

COME chear up my countrymen ne'er be diſmay'd
For Freedom her banners once more has diſplay'd
Be ſtaunch for your Rights—Hark 'tis Liberty's call;
For Freedom, dear Freedom, ſtand up one and all!

CHORUS.

With heart and with hand,
Swear firmly to ſtand;
Till Oppreſſion is driven quite out of the land.

To redreſs all our wrongs, let *Man's Rights* be apply'd.
Truth and Juſtice they ſhow, and by theſe we'll abide.
Luxurious Pomp, which brings Taxes and Woes,
No more we'll maintain with the ſweat of our brows.
But with heart, &c.

The bold *Rights* of *Man* ſtruck ſuch terror and fear,
That ſtern Proclamations in all parts appear;
But deter us they can't—for as friends we'll agree
The ſtate to reform,—and we'll die or be free.
Then with heart, &c.

So much tribute we pay, that we ſcarcely can live;
For the light of the ſun, what a rent do we give;
To be told "We are happy!"—'tis mere Gaſconade;
For we're burden'd like ſlaves, and like pack-horſes [made.
But with heart, &c.

Then to Freedom preſs forward like men who are wiſe;
And accompany France, out of bondage to riſe,
And America's world: Let us with them agree,
And join the grand Concert---TO DIE, OR BE FREE.
Then with heart, &c.

To conclude, Here's ſucceſs to honeſt TOM PAINE:
May he live to enjoy what he well does explain,
The JUST RIGHTS of MAN, may we never forget:
For they'll ſave Britain's friends from the bondage of [Pitt

CHROUS.

With heat and hand,
Swear firmly to ſtand,
Till Oppreſſion is driven quite out of the land.

THE ORIGIN OF KINGS.

A FRAGMENT.

——— WHEN Time was young,
And Earth was clad in Nature's rudeſt garb,
Dark tangled foreſts, deſarts vaſt and drear,
Whild heaths, and reedy lakes, and ruſhy fens;
When freſh and vig'rous from th' Eternal hand,
Man trod the rough domain; himſelf as rough;
The bus'neſs of his life to propagate,
To draw nutrition, and to keep at bay
Inſtinct's ferocious ſwarms; then the wide world
Was but a huge eſtate, Heav'n the prime Lord,
And all mankind his equal tenantry:
No power was known, ſave that which Nature owns—
Paternal ſway—Clad in the ſpoils of brutes,
And unreſtrain'd as is the mountain's blaſt,
Dauntleſs and firm the ſturdy ſavage roam'd,
His family a ſtate, himſelf a chief.
Water, wild fruits, and animal repaſts,
Compos,d his worldly good; with theſe in view,
On the rough margin of ſome ſtream or lake,
Begirt with matted brakes and foreſts tall,

He rear'd, with unſkill'd hand, his wattled ſhed.
Around him, nimble as the bounding roe,
His naked offspring play'd. Time brought deſires
And from deſires which to repreſs, was ſin,
Full many a progeny ſoon frolick'd round——
Affection filial, fondneſs for the ſeat
Of all their youthful gambols, and the dread
Of climes leſs bounteous, fix'd him to the ſoil.
The patriot fire now glimmer'd; ſmaller tribes,
Lur'd by the hopes of plenty, or induc'd
By love of ſocial intercourſe, pour'd in;
And by their ardent youth were ſoon made one,
Thus congregated man, and thus wild waſtes,
The haunts of ſhaggy tribes, were ſprinkled o'er
With many a human dwelling. Settled now,
Man's wond'rous faculties began to ſhoot.
For Heav'n, who plac'd him midſt this warring ſcene,
Unarm'd and void of cov'ring, grve him pow'rs
Superior far to all that brutes poſſeſs;
Gave him by his own efforts to improve:
Hence came the jav'lin, and the furry garb,
And all that poliſh'd regions now enjoy.
Each fire was ſtill the ſov'reing of his ſhed,
And all internal bick'rings might compoſe.
But, when contention 'mongſt theſe very fires,
Uncheck,d by pow'r ſuperior, rear'd his head,
All then was wild confuſion. Hence 'twas found,
That man i' th' ſocial ſtate lack'd more controul,

Than could from patriarchal rule proceed.
But who might ſay what this controul ſhould be?
At length this grand, yet ſimple point t' adjuſt
'Neath ſome huge tree, by general conſent,
(Girt with deareſt relatives, who ſtood
In mute amaze) the village Fathers met;
And with bold action, metaphoric ſpeech,
And dauntleſs mien, pour'd fourth their honeſt ſouls.
'Twas genuine Nature all. A few ſtrong laws
The infant ſenate fabricated ſoon,
Which ſhew'd the ſires all emulous of good;
For each ſtrong law, however rude, was fram'd
As laws ſhould e'er be fram'd, like yon bright orb
To ſhed no PARTIAL influence. All were bound—
All by the ties which they themſelves had made,
Where bound alike, and therefore all enjoy'd
Man's deareſt, nobleſt bleſſing——LIBERTY.——
As every family its chief poſſeſs'd,
And as their various families might now
Be deem'd but one; at the ſame time, perchance,
To be their common Father, Guardian, Friend,
And to enforce their EQUAL laws, ſome ſire,
For wiſdom and for manly proweſs fam'd,
Was rais'd by free election 'bove the reſt,
And cloth'd whilſt thoſe who rais'd him ſhould think
With the fair robe of delegated power, [meet,
Such was the Origin Kings. At firſt
The wiſe elective magiſtrate; but now,
Too oft, the weak hereditary ſcourge

Of half a groaning world. With ſlender wing,
Along the ever-rolling, ſtream of Time,
Thus like a twittering ſwallow, have I ſwept,
Touching on nought, ſave ſome protruding capes
Too obvious to be miſs'd; the earth's rude face.
The natural ſtate of man, his ſocial days,
And ſenates, laws, and regal rule how form'd.
From theſe bold capes, to ſong but little known,
The philoſophic eye will clearly ken
Theſe ſimple truths which the wide world ſhould know;
That God made man, that man made Laws and Chiefs:
But that nor God, nor man, ne'er form'd thoſe rods,
Call'd ARBITRARY KINGS.——

HUMAN DEBASEMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

——IN early days,
If Kings were made by men, and that they were,
The light of Naure clearly ſhows,
How comes it then, that Earth is fill'd with ſlaves?
How comes it then; that man, this reaſoning thing,
This being with ſuch faculties endow'd,
This being form'd to trace the great Firſt Cauſe,
Through many a wond'rous path; how comes it then
That he in every clime, ſhould cringe, ſhould crouch,

Should bend th' imploring eye, and trembling knee,
To mere ſelf-rais'd Oppreſſors —Heav'ns! to think
That not a tithe of all the ſons of men
E'er kiſs'd thy ſacred cup, O Liberty!
To find where-er imagination roves,
Millions on millions proſtrate in the duſt,
Whilſt o'er their necks, with proud contemptuous mien
Kings, Emperors, Sultans, Sophies, what you will,
With all their pamper'd minions ſorely preſs,
Grinding God's creatures to the very bone.
Yet man ſubmits to all! he tamely licks
The foot uprais'd to trample on his right;
He ſhakes his chains, and in their horrid clank
Finds melody; elſe, why not throw em' off?
Seven hundred millions of the human kind
Are held in baſe ſubjection, and by whom?
Why, ſtrange to tell, and what futurity,
As children at the tales of witch or ſpirit
Will bleſs themſelves to hear, by a ſmall troop
Of weak capricious deſpots, fiends accurs'd,
Who drench the earth with tides of human gore,
And call the havock, GLORY! Britons, yes!
Seven hundred millions of your fellow-men,
All form'd like you the bleſſing to enjoy,
Now drag the ſervile chain. Oh! fie upon't!
'Twere better far within the clay-cold cell
To waſte away than be at ſuch a price!

Poor whip-gall'd ſlaves. Oh! 'tis Debaſement all!
'Tis filthy cowardice, and ſhews that man
Merits too oft by his degenerate deeds
The yoke that bends him down. Power's limpid ſtream
Muſt have its ſource within a people's heart:
What flows not thence is turbid tyranny;
Rank are the deſpots weeds which now o'er-run
This ample world, and choke each goodly growth;
But, that ſupine loud vaunting thing, call'd Man,
Might ſoon eradicate ſo foul a peſt,
Would he exert thoſe powers which God has given
To be the means of good; and what more good,
More rational, nay, more approaching Heav'n,
Than the ſtrong joys which flow from Freedom's font
Yon radiant orb, vaſt emblem of the Pow'r
Who form'd him, beams alike on all mankind;
The air, which like a mantle girts the world,
Is to a common good; and even ſo,
With ampleſt bounty Liberty is given
To man whate'er his tint; ſwart, brown, or fair;
Whate'er his clime, hot, cold, or temperate;
Whate'er his mode of faith, whate'er his ſtate,
Or rich, or poor, great Nature cries—BE FREE.
How comes it then, that man neglects the call?

Nay like the callous felon, chuckles loud
Amidſt corroding chains? Can that Great Cauſe
Who made man free, both mind and body free,
And gave him reaſon as a ſentinel
To guard the glorious gift? can he be pleas'd
To ſee his rich donation caſt away,
Or part with inattention, as not worth
Th' acceptance, of his creatures? NO! my friends?
Whate'er God gives, he gives, to be enjoy'd
But not abus'd, and the mean wretch who 'neath
A tyrant's feet this precious jewel throws
Spurns the vaſt Power who plac'd it in his hands
How comes it then, that minds are thus abas'd,
That man, though Nature loudly calls, BE FREE;
Has clos'd his ears againſt her, and become
A mean, a grov'lling wretch! Why, thus it is,
O Superſtition! thou who point'ſt to man,
And call'ſt the fragile piece a demi-god;
Yes, thou who wand'reſt o'er the world, array'd
In pure Religion's mantle; thou whoſe breath
Conveys thoſe potent opiates to the brain
Which brings on reaſon's ſleep; O dark brown'd fiend
All, all theſe works are thine!———

* GLEE,
FOR THREE VOICES.

ARM, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
Let us live free or die.
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying.
Arm, arm, the gen'rons Britons cry,
Let us live free or die,
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!

LIBERTY FIRE.

LATENT long and undetected,
Lay this heav'nly fire electric:
FRANKLIN drew it from the ſkies,
Flaſhing FREEDOM in our eyes.

Through all nations now excited,
Fly the ſparks of minds ignited;
Mighty batteries make diſcharge,
Burſting, thundering out at large.

Dire and dreadful ſeem'd the ſhock,
When the world began to rock—
Rock from both its fixed poles,
To let looſe our fetter'd ſouls.

* *From the Goldfinch Songſter page* 288.

Looſe from *deſpots* and their *minions*,
Looſe from *Prieſts* and their *opinions*,
All in FREEDOM'S RING we join,
Each repeating, FREEDOM'S MINE!

All FREEDOMS's heirs apparent,
Now we feel our *rights inherent*,
INDEFEASIABLE, DIVINE!
THESE O MANKIND, THESE ARE THINE!

Claim the *birth-right* (claim with ſpirit,)
Heaven gives you to inherit;
Touch'd by Heaven's etherial fire,
To your heavinly rights aſpire.

Blow all ye winds! the riſing flame:
Let it be a fire of fame,
Blazing, rolling round the *ball*,
Like the SUN rejoicing ALL!

Mons, Nov. 7. 1792.

POPULUS.

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS,
ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

THOMAS PAINE !!!

THE RIHTS OF MAN !!!

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN !!!

THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE !!!

The glorious Revolution of 1688.

The Revolution of France.

May all the invaders of Freeman's Rights *dine* with the wooden horſe of Thionville.

John Horne Tooke, and may the Repreſentation of this country ſoon conſiſt of ſuch patriotic characters.

The departed Principles of Pitt and Richmond.

May no foe to Liberty wear a red coat, or be entruſted with arms.

May the Tree of Liberty flouriſh in evey region of the Globe, and every human being partake of its fruit.

May the Rights of Conſcience be univerſally ſupported by Common Senſe, and may its enemies be led captive, by the Proclamations of PAINE.

May Juries ever exerciſe their authority in favour of Liberty.

May unjuſt power be oppoſed by all the friends of juſt Govereinment.

The Sovereignty of the People, acting by an equal Repreſentation.

May People no longer confide in apoſtacy or lukewarmneſs, But rely on their own exertions for a Parliamentary Reform.

May all Governments be thoſe of the Laws, and all Laws thoſe of the People.

May the armies of all Tyrants learn the *Brunſwick march.*

Succeſs to the labours of the National Convention of France.

May Revolutions never ceaſe while Tyranny exiſts.

Succeſs to all innovations that leads to Reformation.

General Waſhington and the United States of America.

That Government which prefers armed Citizens to armed Slaves.

May the Tree of Liberty be planted in the city of every Tyrant and may it be an evergreen.

The Friends of Freedom in Ireland.

Perpetual union between Great-Britain, Ireland, France and America.

The Liberty of the Preſs, to which the people are indebted for all Revolutions.

The movers and ſupporters of the Libel Bill.

The cauſe for which HAMPDEN bled in the field, and SYDNEY on the ſcaffold.

May the exertions of the people during the reigns of JOHN, CHARLES, and JAMES, never be forgotten by their deſcendants.

A ſpeedy abolition of the Slave Trade.

Complete liberty, and no toleration.

The equal rights of the people of Ireland.

May a ſoldier's proudeſt title be that of a free citizen.

Judge BLACKSTONE's aphoriſm—National militia, and no ſeperate camps, no in land fortreſſes, no barracks.

The memory of Dr. Price.

May capacity and zeal for public ſervice be the only teſts of Citizens.

The memory of the nobleſt of all the HOWARDS.

Thoſe writers who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the cauſe of Freedom.

The rights of Juries.

The memory of Dr. JEBB, and may his maxim *that no effort will be loſt*, be the motto of all reformers.

The new way of advertiſing good books by proclamation.

May Liberty and Commerce unite the countries which deſpotiſm and war have divided.

May all efforts to check Freedom of diſcuſſion defeat themſelves.

The armies of the free Citizens of France.

The brave defenders of Liſle and Thionville.

May the new Conſtitution of France be the moſt perfect that human wiſdom can frame, and a model to all enſlaved Nations.

The Societies of Great Britain, aſſociated in the cauſe of Liberty.

The memory of MILTON, MARVELLS, LUDLOW, and LOCKE

The female patriots of Great Britain.

The patriotic Societies in France.

The ſupporters of Liberty in all parts of the world.

Volunteer crews, and no preſs gangs.

A ſpeedy abolition to the game laws.

The unfettered ſupremacy of the People.

Addition to our friends—Subtraction to our foes—Multiplication to our rights——and Diviſion to the enemies of Freedom.

Champaign to our friends and Thomas Paine to our foes.

May the plants of Liberty check the weed of deſpotiſm.

May the Laurels wither on the warriors brow, when he betrays Liberty.

The man who dares be honeſt in the worſt of Times.

May an *Honeſt Labourer*, be more reſpected than a *Swindling Prince.*

Prieſthood without Prieſtcraft—Religion without Bigotry—Piety without Superſtition—and Patriotiſm without Party.

FREEDOM to the WHOLE WORLD!!!

THE END.

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Thoſe mark'd thus (*) are by other Authors.

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